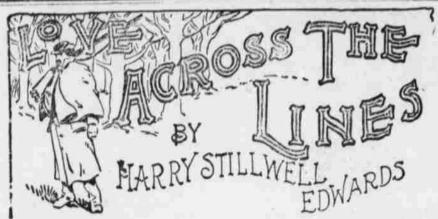
her back.



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CHAPTER X.

Holbin received the pegro woman's report in desperation. Upon the second night after, casting aside all scruples, he went to his mother's room. She had not retired, but was busy with her correspondence, which she put aside as her son entered the door, Without seeking to read them he saw "Washington, D. C.," upon several scaled letters, a fact that he recalled later. The smile of pleasure which lit up her severe countenance disappeared when she noted the look of anger and distress on his face.

"Well," she said, "are you still dissatisfied?" It was their first meeting alone since the death of John Brockin. "Do not congratulate yourself too soon, mother. The game is but half played out, and we may find that strong cards are held against us."

"What do you mean by that?" He walked the room, pausing at times before her as she sat in her armchair. Her black eyes followed him. Her white face was frozen into an impenetrable mask. He described the occurrences of the last few days, and made a clean breast of it all, reserving only certain facts in connection with his experience with Louise, among which was the existence of a child. These reservations he mentally classed as irrelevant.

It is not likely that Raymond's confessions greatly surprised his mother. She was, in fact, already familiar with most of his history. The disturbing elements of his statement were the dangerous character of Louise and the astounding circumstances of the shooting. Yet these drew from Mrs Brookin no comment, no evidence of excitement or dismay. She regarded her son silently and sternly for a few moments, then dropped into a chair. A flush at length overspread her white face. Raymond knew that it was the advance wave of a tide of anger and hesitated when she ordered him to ring the bell. She arose calmly, and crossing the room pulled the bell cord as deliberately as though to summon her carriage. A few minutes after, during which time she stood rigidly looking down on her son, William, the butler appeared.

"Go to Dr. Brodnar immediately." she said, "and tell him to come to me; that Miss Frances is desperately ill." "Mother!"

She waved the servant away and turned upon her son with unrestrained anger. "Do you think that I fear him? Do you think that I shall sit quietly by and let him introduce people into this house-into my stepdaughter's reomin the night and entangle us in his slowly but remorselessly. Her pale plots? Oh, that I were a man!" She was now a caged tigress, and giving freedom to long-suppressed fury. "It would be nothing less than the cowbide!"

"You forget Frances."

contrary, sir, that both Frances and her doctor are at my mercy now. He held dure not betray her! And this comes the plaything, the slave of a-

"Wait, mother! You forget your-A little more, and I shall leave this at once. house not to enter it again. Be care-Frances. Prove her guilty of any crime and you defeat your own plans."

No amount of pleading, no love or affection on the part of her boy, could have swayed the tempestuous woman as quickly as open defiance. In such moments he resembled the one human bebrutality had ever awed her. Raymond played his part well: "You shall to link me to another."

"If you had shown such spirit with Brodnar," she said, bitterly.

"If I had! Words-blows-a duel! Then the truth would have come out. To accept the responsibilities of the will afterwards would be contemptible. No, mother, you women see but one side of such a matter. What would will prevent my returning here. You become of us should Louise make herself known? Start the police upon this matter, and they will ferret her

"Why have you not taken her away". You have been imprudent in delaying that."

"Nervous prostration. I have a nurse with her. To-merrow, if she may travel, I shall get her out of the elty. For God's sake give me time to guish. "The woman-where is she?" do that. You have no idea what you are risking."

"Doctor out, ma"am," said William, returning at this moment. "Young doctor say he will sen' 'im roun' des soon as he come back-dere now! front de doctor, ev'yt me."

"Stand behind the portiere in my dressing-room," said the mother to her son, who was preparing to depart, "and under no circumstances let yourself be seen!" Almost immediately ter?" Dr. Brodnar entered the room.

"You sent for me, madam," he began, ask any questions."

"Where is Frances?" "Asleep, I suppose, I have been are good. Dr. Brodnar, who was the man you took from my house wounded, and for what purpose was he here? 1 demand an instant answer!"

"I decine to make any statement, madam, touching my professional business or to discuss this matter with you. Good evening."

"Hold, sir, or I shall place the affair in the hands of the police."

"Hardly, I think. But proceed in that way if you prefer. Good evening." "You think that I am afraid of publicity; wait and see! I shall denounce you, sir, over my own signature. shall make your name a football-for scandal mongers in every town in this

"And how about your son's, madam? You desire above all things that Raymond Holbin shall marry your stepdaughter and inherit under the will of the man you enddled and bullied out of his senses. The name of the manwho was shot'I shall not tell you, but I will tell you the name of the woman who shot him-I thought you were the woman, I was mistaken, and for this error I owe you an apology." 'This is infamous!"

"I was mistaken, I say, honestly. For I thought that the woman who would retreat from her dying husband, appealing to her with his heart in his eyes, who would link an orphan girl to a libertine, might easily pull a trigger to remove a lesser obstacle." The woman rushed up to him with hands

"Scoundrel! If I had the weapon now I would prove your judgment! Out of my house!" Dr. Brodnar smiled

"I was mistaken," he continued, coolly; "the woman who shot this unknown gentleman lies, half delirious, in room 28 at the Spotswood, and her name is Louise. And, madam, I will do her full justice; she erred in her information and her aim. For the man she hoped to destroy was this libertine, cashiered, swindling, cheating son of yours. Denounce me, but breathe a word against the fame of Frances Brookin, and I shall go before Richmond with my cause. Good even-

He bowed mockingly, and was turning away when the portiere was flungviolently aside and Holbin rushed on only in pity." him from behind. A keen knife in his but once only. Maddened with the A glad light filled the eyes of Louise pain and enraged at the cowardly at- | She could with difficulty restrain hertack, Brodnar lifted his assailant from the floor and hurled him across the room. He fell in a heap against the not take him from me-from his wall, the knife rolling to the feet of child!" the frantic woman. To snatch it up and throw herself upon the athlete was an instant's action; but she was impotent to harm him then. He seized her wrists and turned the right one lips uttered no sound, but the long white fingers relaxed at length under the terrific ordeal and the knife fell to the floor. Kicking it across the room, he pushed the woman away, and stepping outside the dor, closed it be-"I forget nothing! I realize, on the hind him. He heard the furious ringing of the butler's bell, and soon be-William running clumsily through the hall. He had opened the of your shameful dallying with that front door, but the servant having woman-you!-my son!-the puppet, passed, he changed his mind, and having slammed the door made his way down and back to the wing occupied self, at least-and me. I am not a child. by Frances. She had retired, but arose

"Bring your key and let me out at ful what you say-and be eareful of the gate," he said, "and quickly." She threw on her wrapper and wonderingly obeyed, "I have found the other woman in the case," he continued, hurriedly as they traversed the garden. "It is all very sad, my child, and too late now to be remedied." He could not see the girl's face nor understand ing whose fiery temper and relentless, that there was room for any misconstruction of his statement; that her mind was occupied with Richard Somnot denounce me for one infamy only ers, as his had been with Holbin. Frances felt as though the blood was freezing in her veins. "What woman?"

"The woman who did the shooting!" "Why-why-what was her motive?" "Jealousy!" he replied, briefly. "What I want to say to you is this: something has happened to-night that must come to see me occasionally, and always when needing advice or help. In the meantime keep up your courage. Nobody can disturb the big fact in our ease. We have the law on our side. I shall explain it all some time. And our wounded friend-you don't ask of

him-is better and impatient. He will children. leave Richmond to-night. Good-by." "Oh, wait!" cried the girl in an-

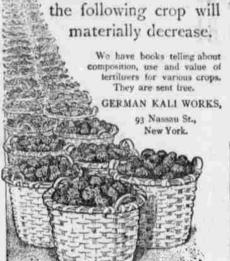
"At the Spotswood and fil." He felt the blood running from a stab in his shoulder down his arm, and, fearful of the effect should the excited girl discover that he was wounded he burried away to his assistant. Frances waited at the gate, her face in her hands, her do' bell ringin' dis minute like some. at the gate, her face in her hands, her body tryin' to pull it tru' de do'. Dat's heart aching. With a sudden and despairing resolution she went back to her room.

"Quick, mammy, help me to dress; I must go to the hotel!" "Lord 'a' mussy, chile, what de mat-

"Help me, mammy-quick! Don't

Frances started away, wringing her hands and sobbing, but in the crowded guilty of a fiction, but my intentions streets, where men were cheering and eannon firing over the announcement that Virginia had seceded, and thousands of torch-lights blazed the way, she grow firmer The general evolts

Two hundred bushels of potatoes remove eighty pounds of "actual" Potash from the soil. Unless this quantity is returned to the soil,



ment was in her favor and no one attached importance to her visit. She reached and entered the sick woman's room, and, metioning away the hired nudse, dropped upon her knees by the bedside. Louise, calmer under the opiates administered by the doctor, regarded her as she might have one descended from the clouds. Something like a spasm of fear passed over her, for In the lovely face beside her she seemed to see the image of her own youth re-

"Who are you?" she asked, wildly. "Your friend. Don't excite your-

"Your name? your name?" "Frances Brookin! And, oh, I am so sorry for you, so very sorry!" Louise seemed to have heard only the name, which she repeated softly, wonder-

"Frances Brookin! And your father -who was he?"

"John Brookin." "Ah, my God!" And the face upon the pillow was turned away in shame

and confusion. After awhile she looked back, a strange light in her eyes. "What do you want of me?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I wanted to tell you," said Frances, covering her face and sobbing anew, 'that I didn't know-of you! That if

had no power on earth could have won my consent. Oh, I have been dezeived-cruelly, cruelly." Louise, who was ignorant that Frantes was the girl in the room at the time of the shooting, now saw her op-

portunity. She raised herself engerty. "You are my rival, then. You came "Yes. And to ask your forgiveness. hand flashed in the gas light and fell. You have nothing to fear from me."

self and control her voice. "I believe you," she said. "You will

"His child!" Frances was shocked and dismayed. "His child! Is there

a child-of his?" "Yes," said Louise, "but if you reveal that I shall never be allowed to see her every hat were the red letters "M.M." again. You will not tell, will you?"

"No," said the wretched girl. "Your lieved in him-I trusted him so!" She wrung her hands and turned away her

"It is fortunate you found him out in time," said Louise; "with me, it was too late-too late! But please do not stay here. How did you find me out?" "The doctor. He told me about you. He has told me everything, and I wanted to see you."

"Don't cry, my dear child. What seems a great sorrow to you now is really a blessing. You have made a miserable woman happy by your coming. Go now! He may enter at any moment, and it would be painful Go, and don't tell anyone of this visit. Will you promise?"

"I shall keep your secret," said Frances. "It is safe with me. Forgive me-if I have made you unhappy.'

"I am sorry for you," said Louise, simply. Frances lifted her head proudly.

"You need not be. I am shocked and mortified that is all

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When appetite fails, it restores it. When food is a burden, it lifts the burden.

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the food that makes you forget your stomach. If you have not tried it, send for building and furniture amount free sample, its agreeable taste will \$5,000; insurance about \$3,000. SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists, SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists, 409 Pearl Street. New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

"Let me see your face again, my child. Ah, how beautiful you are! Good-by, I trust you. Don't grieve about him. He cannot ever be trusted. You were to be the victim of a plot, and your friends are deceiving you. Why, the man is poor; ruined, unless he gets your fortune. He came from Europe to marry you-ah. God, he deserted me, he betrayed his child-for your money. Trust none of them, for they are desperate. . They take advantage of your youth-they would persuade you into a hurried marriage-

row 1 shall cease to remember him."

"But I could not, I could not be bound legally by such a travesty-such a fraud!"

"Your fortune would, and that is what he wants-that, and not you. Secure in that, he would be willing to let you go forever. Oh, but I know him. Give him the shadow of a title to your fortune and you are lost!"

"But to think that Dr. Brodnar could have deceived me so-my mother's friend! I cannot, I cannot believe it!"

"My child, trust no one. Possibly the doctor himself was deceived; it has been long since he knew him; and the man is a finished actor. Trust no man. The man who will not deceive a woman for his own advantage does not live. I know the world. If I do not, who does?" Frances took the hand of the sick woman in both of her own and held and get your choice. it in sympathy and grief.

"I must leave you," she said, brokenly. "Will you not tell me your name? I shall always remember you in my prayers." Louise half raised herself in the bed.

"My name! Then he did not tell

you all. No, my child, do not seek to find out my name. Pray for me, if you will-and remember me as a woman more sinned against than sinning. Good night and good-by." As Frances burried homeward,

choking and sick with her sorrow, she found herself caught in the whirls and eddies of a great crowd and borne along helplessly past her street. Men carried torches and were cheering themselves hoarse, while horns added



"NO," SAID THE WRETCHED GIRL, "YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME."

their din to the confusion. Upon It was a demonstration by the famous "Minute Men," who rose in secret is safe with me. And, oh, I be- every southern city as they had risen nearly 100 years before when the drums beat. Suddenly she was jammed against a carriage, the progress of which had been stayed by the crowd. Its sole occupant was a pale, silent man. In the glare of the torches his face exactly filled lines inaelibly fixed in her memory by the brief flame of a match: it was the face of illehard Somers, cold and immobile. Upon the seat by his side was a traveling-bag; his eyes looked out calmly, almost coldly, over her head. He was not southern, he was not a Virginian, and the hour awoke no response within his heart. Impulsively, and forgetting, she stretched her hands upward, but memory returned and checked the words that rose to her lips. Only an inarticulate ery burst from them, a cry low and half smothered in the roar of voices. Yet low as it was, it reached the occupant of the carriage. Something in that voice, a tone, a vibration, touched a memory-cell. He turned quickly and looked back; a girl holding desperately to the arm of an old negress was being borne along by the tumultuous human wave. For an instant only he saw her white face upturned to his-the loveliest, saddest face his eyes had ever gazed on, and from her lips he heard come back one

word-"Farewell!" Forgetting all but that he was leaving his life somewhere in the fierce passions surging behind him, he made a desperate effort to alight from the vehicle, but so dense was the crowd the door would not open. And then angry men seized the rearing horses and forced them out of the way. When he was free again only a sea of flame, in whose depths human figures seemed to march, met his gaze. It had swallowed up the woman's white face. A great transparency. swaying and wavering like a drunken man, thrust itself before his vision and blotted out the scene. Upon it was the legend: "Down with the Yankees!"

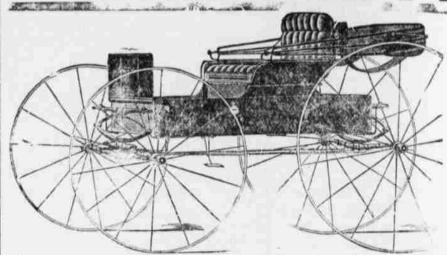
> (TO BE CONTINUED.) HOTEL AT PARIS BURNED.

One Man, Aged Seventy, Perished in the Flames.

Special to the Herald. the flames. The loss on the hotel building and furniture amounted to

How Are Your Kldneys ! Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sa

MONEY! She was going when Louise called MONEY!



FIVE CAR LOADS of Buggies, Surries, Phaetons and Buckboards here and on the road. New styles, best makes and lowest prices. Don't delay, come quick

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THIS hinge-joint makes an ad vents stay wires from bending-THAT .

ence in summer as in winer, and prevents stay wire rom being displaced.

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AMERICAN FENCE.

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Big Stock of Furniture.

Have some bargains, cut prices. Newest styles and There's no fence that excels designs. Every body come, no trouble to show goods.

OAKLEY'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

Suicide Theory Discredited -Sensa tional Developments.

FRANKLIN, TENN, March 28 .- The finding of the skeleton near Forest Home and the identification of the same as the remains of John Oakley, of Nashville, who mysteriously disappeared from his home in July, 1898, has caused a renewal of excitement in that neighborhood and set many ugly rumors afloat as to how he came by his death The suicide theory is not credited, and it is generally believed that he was murdered.

It has been clearly established that when he was last seen he had between \$200 and \$300 in money on his person. When the remains were found only \$2.70 was discovered.

One of the rumors is of a very sensa tional nature, involving the name of a family who at that time lived near the scene, and a wayward daughter of the household: handsome, vivacious and an acquaintance of the unfortunate man. The girl had been a resident of Nashville and on her return to her country home had been known to receive visits from her city friends. The home was in a lonely spot, and one where it would take a far-reaching imagination to suggest that a stranger would have come so

far to commit a deed of self destruction. The woods where the bleached bones were discovered by a ginseng digger was of dense growth, rarely, if ever, traversed by human beings, and many think that he met his death elsewhere, and that the body was brought and placed where it was found, to conceal a crime.

The wound in the forehead indicates that the range of the bullet was downward and lodged in the base of the skull. remarkable feature is that the bullet did not go through the head, as it would have done had he fired the shot bimself.

His two brothers, accompanied by of redemption. four friends of the deceased, were here yesterd y and carried the skeleton and clothing to Nashville. His brother stated that a thorough investigation of the rumors would be made at once, and every effort would be used to solve the mystery that now shrouds the tragic end of his brother.



Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Charter Granted.

NASHVILLE, March 29 .- Secretary PARIS. Tenn., April 1.—The Coff-man Hotel at this place burned to charter to the Western University the ground this morning, and John of Tennessee, incorporated, with Durkee, aged seventy, perished in capital stock of \$15,000, by John E. Usher, Asron F. Cotton, John Cox, Joe P Kidd and Joh H. Rand, all of Summertows, Lawrence County. The object is to establish an educational institution and social settle- Garwood's Sarsaparilla-for the bleed

UNCALLED FOR LETTERS. The following list of letters remain in office for week ending April 2, 1901.

Du Bose, May P Adams, Dave Anderson, M M McEwin, Charlie Alexander, Ben Burk, Ed Berry, G W Jr Booker, Fannie Campsey, H D

will please say advertised.

Sanders Rev C B Shadden Dr A R Shilton, J A Thompson, Will Voorse, Will Wheeler Dr W C Parties calling for the above letters

Advertised letters due one cent. H. F. FARIES, P. M. T. F. Anthony, ex-postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took Sold by A. B.Rains, Druggist Columbia.

LAND SALE.

JOHN M. ALLEN VS. S. S. MCKNIGHT et al In the Chancery Court, at Commbia, Cennessee

Pursuant to a decree entered in above styled cause at the October term, 1900, on minutes at page 183, I will on Saturday, the 13th day of April, 1901, at the Court House door in Columbia, Tenn., sell to the highest and best bidder, the land described in said decree bounded and described as follows, to-wit: First tract-Located in the 2nd Civil District of Maury County, Tennessee, bounded on the south by Love and Faris; on the east by Bowles; on the west by Harlan & Faris; containing 793-25 acres. Second tract—Bounded on the north by Crawford; on the east by Grimmit; on the south by Booker and others; and on the west by Kittrell & Hawkins; containing 1813-25 acres, being the land described in mortgage to Jno. M. Allen. TERMS: Said sale will be made for cash which will be required in cash on day of sale. Sale free from the equity

LAND SALE.

This the 22d day of March, 1901.

JOHN M. ALLEN VF. S. P. PAYNE et ux. In the Chancery Court at Columbia, Tennessee.

Pursuant to a decree entered in above yled cause at the October term, 1900, on minutes at page 184, I will on Satur-day the 13th day of April, 1901, at the Court House door in Columbia, Tennasell to the highest and best bidder, the land described in said decree bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being a house and lot in the first ward of the City of Columbia, Tenn., on the north side of Sixth street, and bounded on the East by an Alley, separating from the County Jail; on the West by A. H. Abboil; on the north by W. T. Wilkes, being the eastern half of the property purchased by W. D. Cameron & Co.
TERMS: Said sale will be made for
cash which will be required in Cash on
day of Sale. Sale free from the equity

of redemption This the 22d day of March, 1901. 2-4t A. N. AKIN, C. & M.

guaranteed to cure. A. B. RAINS.